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Spanking Time.

Looks like 'ist must be spankin' 't our house
once in a while.
Sumpin' ruther happens—Pa says: "Can't
allers sling an' smile;
There's time for workin', playin', cryin'." But
it seems to me
I could a-fixed it so's spankin' hadn't ought
to be.

Perhaps it's naughty words—live boys 'ist can't
be preacherified:
Or lammed a calf ('at wouldn't drive to pas-
ture) in the side:
Or made a 'futter mill instead a-goin' to Sun-
day-school;
Or clean forgot an' bified a fellow—'gainst the
golden rule.

Or sumpin' else 'at grab's you by the throat or
hand, an' then,
Before you think the thing is done 'at hadn't
ought to be'n:
An' then it's spankin' time: comes once a week
or maybe day—
'Ist bound to come, in spite of what grown folks
may do or say.

Then ma, she tightens up her lips an' says:
"Come here, my son."
An' grandma wipes her spees an' knits an' knits
an' knits like fun.
An' sis runs to the bed, an' covers up her face
an' head.
An' pa goes out to fetch some wood or kindling
from the shed.

An' then things happen, as I said, 'at hadn't
ought to be—
No use describin' 'em to folks 'at knows like
you an' me:
Though ma says for these very things hereafter
she'll be thanked—
What do I do at spankin' time? Why, I'm the
one 'at's spanked.

—Kansas City Star.

The man who writes books climbs to fame.
And reads in print his glorious name.
Why, then, do not fame's cymbals clash
For men who buy those books for cash?

Poets who lasting marble seek
Must know much Latin and more Greek:
But those the magazines affect
Must seare up some new dialect.

Silent on Others' Faults.

She's a very charming woman,
That is, as charmers go;
And no one ever hears her
Dispensing tales of woe.
As to her neighbors' doings
She invariably keeps mum—
Perhaps the reason of it is
Because she's deaf and dumb.
[Chicago News.]

The House by the Side of the Road.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self content?
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never run—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in the house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows
ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height:
That the road passes on through the long
afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men pass by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.
—Sam Walter Foss.

The tramp sat on the farmer's fence,
And made a happy sigh;
His life seemed full of rosy tints,
For he was full of pie.